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Princess Louise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

Queen Louise of Prussia.

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THE MOTHER OF AN EMPEROR.

Mary McArthur Tuttle.

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The Mother of an Emperor

Reprints From Pen and Brush

By

Mary McArthur Tuttle

Second Edition

Jennings & Pye
Cincinnati, Ohio
1901

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Emperor Wilhelm, by W. Camphausen.
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THE EMPEROR'S TABLE.

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Königliches
Hof-Marschall-Amt.

Berlin, den 9 September
1874

Mit Bezug auf unsere Mittheilung vom 21 Juli cur. beehren wir Ihre Wohlgeboren ergebenst, um gefälligst gefl. zu werden, daß Sie auf in den Räumen des königlichen Schlosses Monbijou Visiten machen und von der auf der selbigen Königin Louise Majestät bis-befindlichen Gegenstände Zeichnungen aufnehmen

Wir wollen Ihnen zu diesem Zwecke von dem damit beauftragten Schloß-Castellan Candler in Monbijou wenden.

Königliches Hofmarschallamt

Kuttner.

Ihre Wohlgeboren
Madame Tuttle

Author's Preface

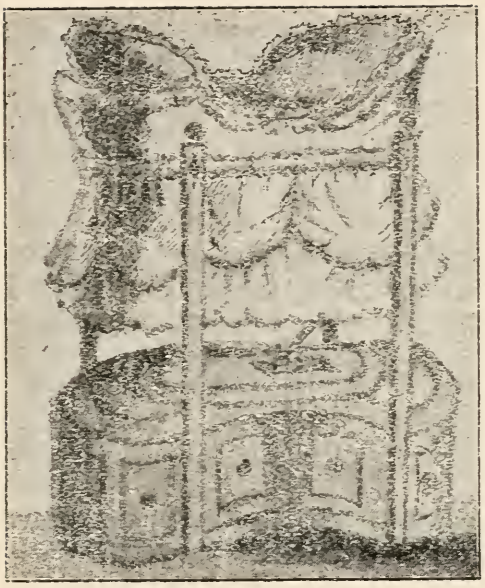
THE permission to make the drawings contained in this collection, was procured by my husband, through the Hon. Nicholas Fish, who was the American Secretary of Legation during the years of our residence in Berlin. Mr. Fish secured from the Hofmarshallant the rare opportunity which the original letter given opposite explains.

Through the position of my husband as Berlin correspondent of *The London Daily News* and American historian of Prussia, I was accorded every facility while making these sketches in the Charlottenburg and Monbijou palaces. As they are the only sketches of the kind I know of, they will be of interest, I trust, even to advanced students in Prussian history.

The excellent sales and pleasant reception of this short study of the life of Queen Louise justifies me in bringing out a second edition, with some additional "Reprints" from travel and life on the Continent.

M. McA. T.

HILLSBORO, OHIO, September, 1901.



The Cradle of Queen Louise.

Sketch by Mary McArthur Tuttle

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The Mother of an Emperor

Chapter I

ON a windy March morning in 1776, in the old city of Hanover, Germany, a beautiful princess was born. She had large blue eyes and golden hair.

The cradle in which they rocked her, when she was large enough to be taken from her mother's arms, was a curiously-designed little affair of dark, rich wood, lined with green silk. The "sky-blue," the baby color of the present age, seems not to have been sought for among her belongings. Her home was in a dark, narrow street, busy with the traffic of an old German city. Her father was not made governor-general of the city until after her birth. To be sure, her aunt was the wife of George III of England, and both she and the king were very partial to the father of our young princess.

When only six years old, and the golden hair was beginning to turn a trifle brown, she and her sisters were taken out of the house very suddenly one day, and when they returned from their walk, they were told that their aunt, the Princess Charlotte, would remain with them for the present; that their mother had been called away.

"O, why does mamma stay away so long?" exclaimed Louise, after her absence had become unendurable to her.

"Be quiet, my child," said her aunt Charlotte, "you shall soon go to Darmstadt, and then you will find out all about it."

It was some time after the children arrived at Darmstadt that the grand duchess, their grandmother, had the courage to tell them that their mother was dead, and that "Aunt Charlotte" was to become mamma to them. But alas! Mamma Charlotte also died

shortly after her marriage, and Prince Karl, robbed thus twice of home ties and domestic life, decided to leave his children permanently with their maternal grandmother in Darmstadt.

Around the castle at Darmstadt, in which the grand duchess lived, there was a royal old garden, long avenues of trees, grottoes, rustic seats under widespreading trees. Here the children played, and one day little Louise wandered very near a seat where a tall, slender man was sitting. He held his head erect—in fact, a little thrown back, so that his long, flaxen hair and blue eyes were in the full blaze of the sunlight. To the child he looked very beautiful, and she continued to wander around and about the seat, and finally came so near she could see him writing a line, every now and then, on a blank book, which was opened wide, lying on a rustic table which stood in front of this seat.

This poet, this thinker, scarcely noticed the shadow of the little figure moving so quickly about him. Schiller was intent upon his great drama of "Don Carlos," and all unaware that his future queen played near him, and that one day she would sorrow like a sister because of his death.

Between the year of Louise's birth, 1776, and the year 1790, which we are now approaching in her history, many great events happened that were comparatively unknown to her. The Assembly of the States-General at Versailles, and the storming of the Bastile, doubtless she heard of, but that the Declaration of Independence in America was of the same date as her birth she probably never knew. The Confederation of States, the Constitution, Washington's Inauguration, meant very little to a young German princess. But the crowning of a German monarch, which event was near at hand, signified much of interest and joy.

The Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt was a woman of practical mind, and the young princesses of Mecklenburg were receiving a most substantial education under her roof. She promised them, if they were obedient, she would allow them to go to Frankfort to witness the coronation of the Emperor. Leopold II, of Austria, would be crowned at Frankfort-on-the-Main. It was the year 1790, and Louise was fourteen years old.

As she sat, one day, working on a pair of shoes which her

Plastered Court Yard and Pump.
The Goethe House. Frankfort.

grandma said "she must finish before she could go" (these were the same shoes which, Prince Metternich tells us, she wore at the coronation ball of Francis II, two years later, the evening he danced with her), she looked up with a beaming smile and said to the grand duchess: "O grandma, possibly the beautiful French Queen, Marie Antoinette, will attend the coronation of the Emperor. I should rather see her than any one on earth."

"O no, my child; that is quite impossible! France is full of excitement, and the king and queen could not leave Paris."

The two young princesses started in company with their Hanoverian relatives, in September, for Frankfort-on-the-Main. Such an occasion in the old capital naturally aroused the wildest enthusiasm. According to custom, and that the festivities should be conducted with proper order and dignity, the city was divided into as many parts as there were electors. Much pomp and rivalry were displayed, the different representatives of the various courts vying with one another. The elector of Hanover held his court in that portion of the city known as the Rossmarkt and Grossen Hirschgraben. One of the handsome houses in that part of the city belonged to the mother of the distinguished poet, Goethe. This was not the first coronation Frau Räthin had witnessed, nor would it be the last. She wrote to a friend that she was "a prisoner in the house, waiting for the officers to come and tell her whom she should entertain. But," continues she, "I have always something to do. My son sends me books and papers in abundance."

When it was decided that the two young Darmstadt princesses were to be her guests, she was delighted. Her place for witnessing the ceremony was in a window in the Römer, near the clock, assigned to her out of compliment to her husband's memory, who had been one of the chief magistrates of Frankfort-on-the-Main. Yes, this cheerful, gay, winning "Frau Räthin," as she was called, was in a great glee over the arrival of her young guests.

After returning from the exciting scene of the coronation, she and the young princesses went up the highly-polished old stairway in her house, which leads to many rooms, and to an alcove which Goethe, her distinguished son, especially cared for. There the Frau Räthin sat down, almost out of breath from the fatigue and

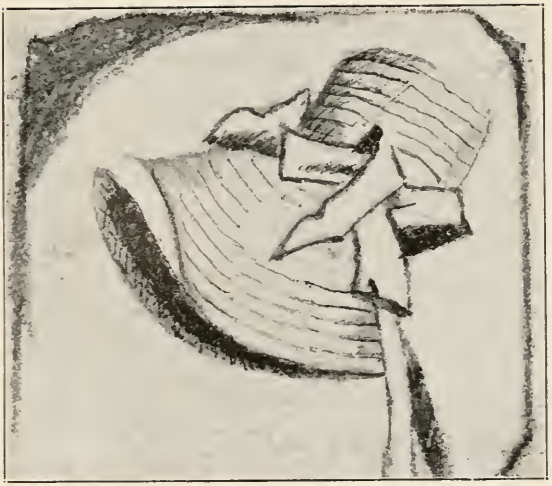
excitement of the day, and looked around on the table for a letter from Wolfgang; "for he certainly has written," she exclaimed, "now that he has failed to come." Finding no letter from her son, whom she justly idolized, she quieted down for awhile from her usual hilarity.

The young princesses stood at the window, which overlooks the old plastered court-yard, and said they wanted a drink of water. "Shall we not go," said Louise, "and pump it for ourselves?" and away they ran, escaping the notice of Frau Räthin, but alas! not of their governess, who spied the young creatures at their sport and flew after them in a rage. This provoked the dear, old, good-natured Frau Goethe to such a degree that she exclaimed: "Shame on you! I shall lock you up in this room before you shall disturb the dear, young creatures. Are they not bound down enough by court etiquette when with the grand duchess? When they are in my house they shall do as they please!"

The Emperor Leopold II of Austria lived only two years after his coronation. His crown was placed upon the head of his son, Francis II, and once again the old capital was alive with festivity. A description of this occasion was written by Goethe in his usual wealth of diction and local color.

Louise and her sisters were allowed once more to go to Frankfort-on-the-Main, and afterward to attend the ball at Coblentz, in honor of the coronation. Prince Metternich writes in his memoirs: "I opened the ball with the young Princess. Louise of Mecklenburg, who, afterward, as Queen of Prussia, was distinguished for her beauty and noble qualities. She is said to have worn shoes on this occasion, made by her own hands." The hair was arranged in a most distinguished style, which certainly increased the splendor of her face. Her full, rosy lips, and large, sympathetic eyes attracted admiration throughout her entire life, not only from royalty, but from all who looked upon her; and her magnificent figure, commanding and self-poised, was truly that of a queen.

The winter of this same year—1792–1793—brought an invitation to the young princesses to meet Frederick William II of Prussia at Mainz, where his army was encamped. Goethe tells us that he happened to be in camp at this time, and it was partly for his



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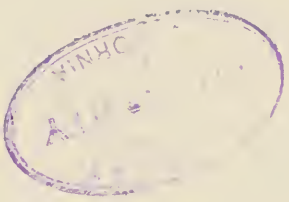


pleasure that a promenade was arranged for the princesses. When the hour came for their arrival, he says, "I flew to my tent, buckled myself in, and, by peeping through, witnessed the promenade of the royal party." In the excitement and confusion of war-scenes, which all were accustomed to, these young creatures seemed like angels going to and fro among the tents. The Crown Prince Frederick and his brother, Ludwig, were equally impressed by them, and found it no effort to fall in love with them. "She must be the one, or no one on earth," said the crown prince in regard to Louise; and, sure enough, on Christmas-day, 1793, Louise gave to Prince Frederick William, in the White Hall of the palace at Berlin, a pledge for life; and the tears which filled her large, blue eyes in that hour testified to her sincerity. Happy beyond expression was this young royal pair, realizing little but their own attachment. The reign of terror, which alarmed France, all Europe agitated—these facts had little significance to them just now.

One of the first presents Louise received from her husband was a small phaeton. She greatly preferred to drive out in it, instead of ordering the royal carriage with the eight spanned and the body-guards. This simplicity of taste rather shocked the ladies in waiting. The prince and princess were altogether "too modest to suit them." ("My single phaeton and iron bedstead," said the late Emperor William, "are hereditary privileges. I have the tastes of my mother.")

The young royal pair became greatly beloved by the people, and many anecdotes are preserved in which they are said to have always had the poor at heart. One morning a count and a shoemaker happened to be waiting in the anteroom at the same time. "Let the shoemaker come in first," said the crown princess, "he has less time than the count."

It was an age of luxury and display. There was little left of true religion—although literature flourished, and poets like Jean Paul, and even Goethe, sometimes, used the beauty of their art in writing about the superiority of the crown princess. At the early age of twenty-six, Frederick William, the crown prince, will be the king. Noble aims and a noble bearing, much reserve of manner and speech, characterized him as crown prince.

Chapter II

THE news reached Berlin on a bitter morning in January, 1793, just about one year previous to the wedding in the palace, that the King of France had been executed. The following October the beautiful Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, followed her husband on the scaffold. "O, what a revolution!" says Edmund Burke; "and what a heart I must have to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disaster fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers."

The terrible news from France alarmed every crowned head in Europe, and our young crown prince and princess were so saddened by the revolutionary state of affairs that they staid quietly in their palace, and seemed to have little heart for the elegance about them; indeed, court etiquette and court festivities were very irksome to them.

On the 10th of March, which was the birthday of the crown princess, the king desired to celebrate it in a manner which would convince Louise of his real affection for her. For a gift he presented her with a palace at Oranienburg, and then, turning to her, he said, "Louise, have you still a wish in your heart?"

She looked at him with that wonderful charm of countenance which was peculiar to her, and said, "Yes, a handful of money for the poor."

"That depends," said the king, "upon how large the handful is to be."

"As large as the heart of the best of kings," was Louise's prompt reply.

She walked through the markets, leaning on the arm of the crown prince, and distributed money right and left; and the poor old women and the ragged children were overjoyed, not alone with their money, but with the sight of the beautiful crown princess.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

As this was in March, she may have worn this very leghorn bonnet which is kept among her relics. She is now only seventeen years old, full of simplicity, beauty, and unostentatious in every way. Both she and the crown prince are truly beloved by the people over whom they will reign in course of time.

The Emperor Francis II of Austria was weak and vacillating, as was also our Prussian King Frederick William II. He and the Emperor Francis were anxious to see the French Republic overthrown; but they were also interested in conquests of their own—in other words, they had "two irons in the fire," and were not very successful in looking after either.

Our Prussian king has only three more years to live. If he could have known this, like most mortals, he would have made different plans. He determined, however, in the early months of 1795, to sign the Treaty of Basle, which, in a way, meant peace with France. This agreement between France and Prussia was "the first of the Treaties of Basle." Prussia ceded to France the German possessions on the left bank of the Rhine, under certain conditions which afterwards caused much trouble; for although Frederick William II died two years later, yet the pernicious acts of his reign left a difficult situation for his son Frederick William III and Queen Louise.

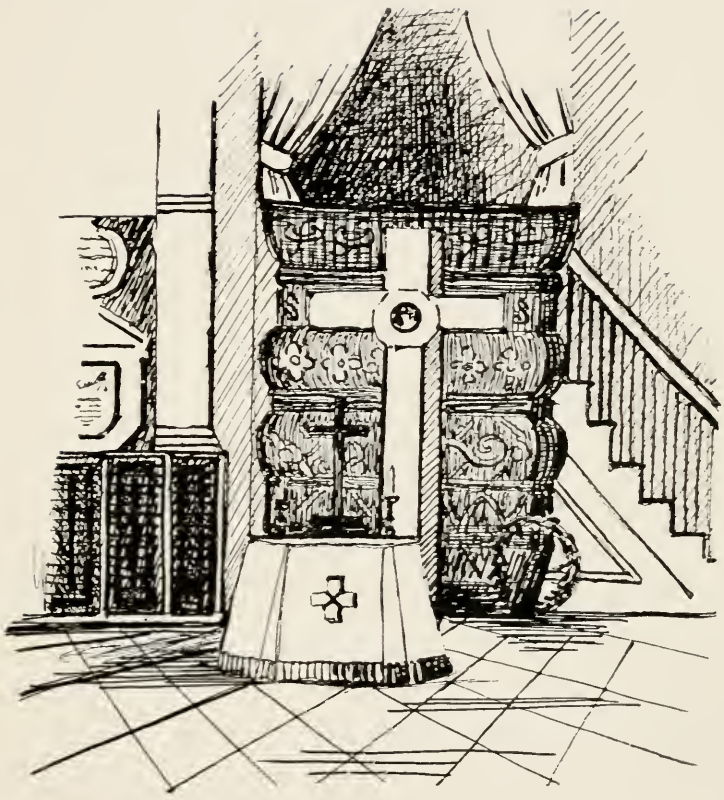
The policy of the Austrian Emperor Francis II had differed somewhat from that of the Prussian King in relation to France. But a month previous to the death of Frederick William II the Treaty of Campo Formio was signed after lengthy discussion.

Chapter III

IT is the beginning of a new century. Frederick William III and Queen Louise have reigned four years. By the reconstitution of February 9, 1801 (peace of Lunéville), the free cities of Germany were reduced to six, while the reconstitution of Germany in 1803, accepted by the Diet of Ratisbon, broke down the fabric of the old Holy Roman Empire. No more coronations at Frankfort-on-the-Main, few more festivities. This great change in the affairs of Francis II, Emperor of Austria, naturally affected the convictions of our Prussian King. It is a curious fact in history that the eventful year of 1797, in which his father died, and the Emperor Francis II signed the Treaty of Campo Formio, was the same year in which the late Emperor William was born. Could his discouraged parents have had the inspiration which his achievements brought to the Fatherland in 1871, how much of the gloom settling about them could have been dispelled, and how much glory re-established, if not actually, yet prospectively! If they had known that William, their son, would rise up, like a giant, to create a new German Empire, what pride of heart would have possessed them! But they only knew that they were facing a new century full of alarm and danger!

It was the policy of Frederick William III to keep Prussia neutral—to play the part of indifference, possibly. He was tired out with the continuous fermentation of European politics; for he had known little else from his youth on, and he was a man of domestic habits, satisfied with the joys of his home life and his beloved queen. He was a man of excellent personal qualities; not very energetic, however, or ambitious, nor especially clear in judgment or intelligence. But Louise, his wife, was not only energetic, but ambitious, and with a just pride and appreciation for the ancestors of her husband, and the true dignity of the house of the Hohenzollerns. Prussia took no part in the coalition of Austria and Rus-

Queen Louise by Gustav Richter.
By permission of The Berlin Photographic Company, New York.



The private Chapel of Frederick William III and Queen Louise in the Charlottenburg Palace.

Sketch by Mary McArthur Tuttle.

[The King and Queen were Protestants. Without interference in religious belief, a religious spirit was encouraged by the Government. The Evangelical Union was founded in 1817 as a testimonial of reconciliation between the Lutherans and the Reformed Churches—it being the Third Centennial celebration of the Reformation. King Frederick William III used all his influence to accomplish this.]

sia in 1805, who were more than ever determined to lessen the power of Bonaparte, who was proclaimed Emperor of the French, May 18, 1804. Louise warns the king of this weak policy. He simply agrees to give up Cleves to France, and Anspach to Bavaria, and take possession of Hanover under certain provisions. In two short months from this time, "Prussia was obliged definitely to accept Hanover by a supplementary treaty;" a fact which provoked England, who was Prussia's friend. The people grew very restless under this policy. The death of William Pitt, January 23, 1806, and the succession of Lord Grenville and Fox to office, convinced Napoleon that he had better negotiate for peace with England, so, as a "peace offering," he compelled Prussia to restore Hanover to England. This aroused Frederick William III, and war was inevitable. He rose to meet France, when he must meet her, with no allies but Saxony, Weimar, and Russia (whose aid was not to be had at a moment's warning). Dangerous times for Prussia to assert herself. But the king will no longer keep quiet. Louise accompanied the king to the camp at Weimar. The day before the battle of Jena she returned to Berlin. Before she could reach the city, a messenger overtook her, saying, "All was lost!" After the battle of Jena, October 14, 1806, Napoleon soon felt himself master of Germany. On October 27th he entered Berlin through the Brandenburg gate in triumph. The Chariot of Victory, which surmounts the gate he had taken down as a trophy, and sent to Paris; also the sword of Frederick the Great. Frederick William III fled to Cüstrin, where he joined the queen, they having parted on the morning of the battle of Jena. From Cüstrin they took up their flight to Königsburg. From this far-off outpost of their kingdom they soon learned that all was lost. "Thus I see," exclaimed Louise, "an edifice destroyed in a day, on the erection of which great men have labored for two centuries."

In December of this same year, 1806, the queen was very ill with typhus. On the night of the 22d the news came that the French were near at hand. A terrible storm was raging, but notwithstanding all obstacles of the elements and of physical condition, the queen declared that "she would rather fall into the hands of God than the hands of that man," and arrangements must be

made to take up the flight to Memel. This was not accomplished until the 3d of January. Three days and nights were spent on that awful journey, "now in the waves of the sea, now in ice, the nights in the most wretched hovels."

The sufferings of the royal family were great indeed; for Napoleon had not only been the man of war, but had showed himself to be a man devoid of nobility in all the details of his conduct in Berlin.

In July, 1807, the Emperor of Russia, Alexander, and Napoleon met on a raft in the river Niemen. There they agreed upon terms of peace. Alexander pleaded for Prussia, but Napoleon was arrogantly unreasonable. Alexander told Frederick William perhaps the presence of the queen would soften Napoleon's feelings, and so the proud queen, the beautiful woman whom he had slandered, had to wait at Tilsit for an interview—to meet Napoleon, the man for whom she had untold bitterness in her heart. He, with characteristic abruptness, not caring for her crushed pride nor her days of exile, said, "How could you think of making war upon me?"

Scarcely able to control her voice, she replied, "Sire, we were mistaken in our resources, in our calculations."

"And you trusted in Frederick's fame, and deceived yourselves?" said Napoleon.

The queen allowed her ingenuous countenance to beam on Napoleon as she again answered him:

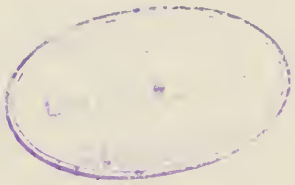
"Sire, in the strength of the great Fredrick's fame, we may be excused for having been mistaken with respect to our power and means at our command, if, indeed, we have been entirely mistaken."

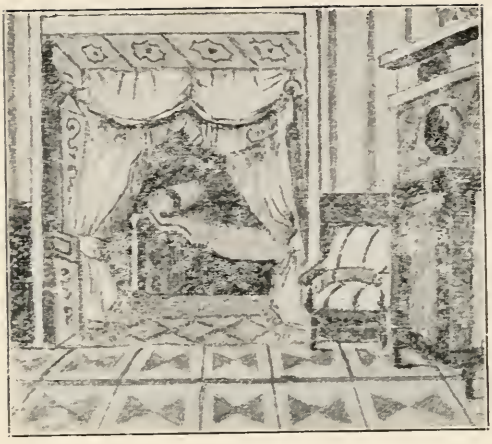
One of the famous artists of Germany has represented her in this dignified moment, as she descends the stairs to meet Napoleon. Napoleon was impressed. He told Talleyrand: "I knew I should see a beautiful woman, and a queen with dignified manners, but I found the most admirable queen and, at the same time, the most interesting woman I have ever seen." She wore, on this occasion, a white crepe dress, richly embroidered in silk, which attracted Napoleon's eye.

"Is it crepe? India gauze?" said he, touching the fine material.

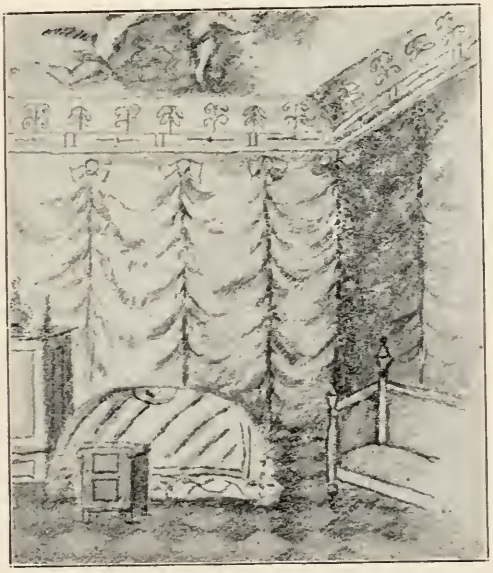
"Shall we speak of such light things at a moment like this?" said Louise.

Portrait of Queen Louise about the time of the meeting with Napoleon at Tilsit.



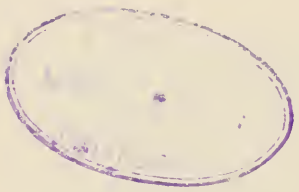


The bed room in the Charlottenburg Palace occupied by Napoleon, which Queen Louise refused to enter again.



The room in the Charlottenburg Palace made ready for Queen Louise after Napoleon's departure.

Sketch by Mary McA Tuttle.



Napoleon turned a deaf ear to her pleadings for her country, their throne, and their children, for he cared nothing for her crushed pride nor her days of exile. Never in his career did he show less heart than in that interview at Tilsit.

The royal ones returned to their sad abode at Königsburg, the only place left them on Prussian soil, where they had already endured so much exposure.

"Let us be steady and patient, and wait, and God will help us," said the king. But not until 1809 were they helped back to their kingdom.

The room in the Charlottenburg Palace, occupied by Napoleon in his arrogance and ruthlessness, while the royal family was in exile, was ordered to be rehung, and all made new, and even then the queen would not enter it. Another room, with white muslin and pink silk draperies, and the bed, with a green satin quilted comforter thrown over it, is still shown to visitors as the room she afterward called "her own."

Louise was anxious to visit her father's house the following year. There she died, like a queen, beautiful, beloved, angelic even to the last hours.

She had said during her life she did not care to belong to the spirited, highly intellectual heroines who spend their lives outside of woman's sphere. She felt herself drawn, not so much to the character of Sophia Charlotte, her great predecessor on the throne of Prussia, as to the wife of the great Elector, the pious Louise of Orange. Even the similarity in name was a pleasure to her. But her own account of herself is possibly not so true a picture of her as we get from other sources. Prince Metternich, who danced with her at the ball of Coblentz, says, in his "Memoirs:" "Eleven years had passed since I had seen the queen. I found her surrounded by a true halo of beauty and dignity. Queen Louise was endowed with the rarest qualities. She did not excel in what is commonly called *esprit*, but she possessed a refined tact and strength of mind, for the exercise of which, in a few years, she had only too many opportunities. It would be difficult to describe the dignity and grace of her bearing or the impression of sweetness and tenderness her manners made."

But the beautiful Louise, whom we have admired as a child, as a young girl or a crown princess of seventeen, and as a queen, is now about to leave the world, a broken-hearted woman, not knowing even that her struggles and her forbearance would stand as a saintly example to the nation. It is the year 1810, and she is dying. The splendid victory at Leipsic has not yet been won, nor has the Te Deum over the decisive battle at Waterloo been sung.

The women of Berlin, three years after her death, gave their gold ornaments for the benefit of their country, and received, in place of them, iron in like patterns, which are shown as sacred relics in Germany to this day.

The mausoleum at Charlottenburg contains the splendid recumbent figures of Frederick William III and Queen Louise. They were sculptured by Rauch, in whom the queen had found genius for art while he was serving as a *page* in the palace. She sent him to Italy to study. Canova and Thorwaldsen encouraged him. After the queen's death, Frederick William III gave Rauch an order for these tombs. More exquisite art is seldom found, either among ancient or modern productions.

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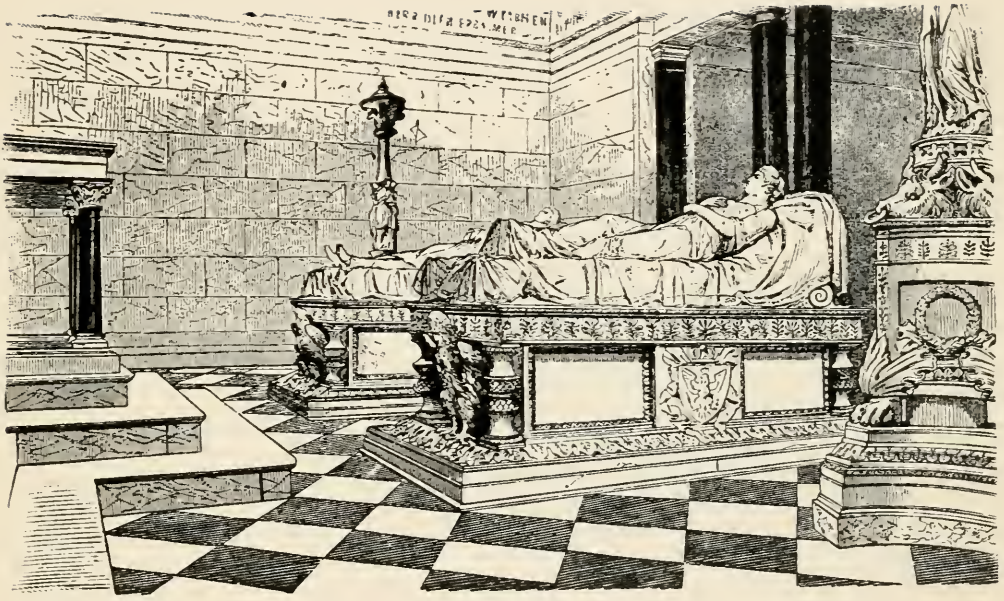
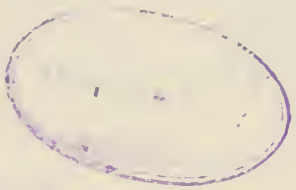


The recumbent statues of King Frederick William III and Queen Louise: Charlottenburg Mausoleum.



Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.

* * * * * * * * *

In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo!

—Tennyson's Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

From the Baltic to the Adriatic.

We hesitated quite awhile before deciding to expend the necessary amount for a trip from Berlin to Danzig. The historical interest of Marienburg, through which we would pass on our return, and the reputed picturesqueness of Danzig we hoped would compensate us, however, for the time and money. At an early hour one September morning we drove across the busiest portion of Berlin (the most unknown to the traveler), to take our train at the *ost bahn*. I had seen this portion of the city only once before, when we started to visit the country of the Wends, the original people in all the region of the Baltic.

The tedious stretch of sand broken here and there by a peasant's house with red tile roof was the same we traversed so often in leaving Berlin for other neighboring towns and cities. This inevitable "plain of Moab" which discouraged Frederick the Great's French gardeners. How such a thriving, populous city as Berlin has ever asserted itself in the sand, is a problem. We passed Bismarck's estate in Pomerania "Varzin" and one of the party reflected upon the great statesman, the largest factor in German political life; while the other remembered the sad and dejected royal pair which were driven by Napoleon's fury to take this same route to Memel. The lovely Queen Louise and Frederick William III. when there with their royal children, prayed that the tyrant's hand might be stayed, and they brought back to their rightful kingdom. Alas! death claimed the beautiful queen before the peace for which she prayed was restored to Prussia. But in her son, the present Emperor, there has been perpetuated the spirit of his mother. Prussia's high position to-day has been secured not altogether by the might of her great army, nor the tremendous genius of her great

statesmen, nor the ambition of her kings, but by the growth of sentiment during the reigns of Frederick William III, and IV., and by the precept Queen Louise instilled into her sons during those dark and sorrowful days of exile: "My sons, let the spirit of Frederick the Great animate you."

Marienburg and Christburg were passed, and finally the blue Baltic and Danzig were in sight. We had almost looked for amber-colored water, so long had we associated the beautiful display of amber jewels in the Berlin shop windows with the Baltic, from which it is taken. Even Homer refers to the Baltic as the resting place of amber, its bed being laid with the sunny stone.

A multitude of ship-masts rose from the coast, and from beyond the pointed gables of the old city, lessened in altitude as the vista lengthened. This first glimpse was a more fascinating picture than we were afterward able to find Yet the hotel helped the preconceived idea that Danzig was really a second Nuremberg.

The broad stone steps, or stairway, which started from the *portecochère*, were whitened by ashes, as one so often sees them in Germany—a pretty state of things for a lady descending in a black dress. The room we were to occupy was an immense ball-room, utilized in quiet times for a bed room. Two candles burned in their tall candlesticks on the center table, and by the light of the twilight we could see across the street some beautiful and curious carvings in the opposite gabled houses. The price paid for accommodations was large enough to have enabled us to see castles in the air, and to have our ball-room illuminated by chandeliers until morning. We concluded they seldom had guests in this hotel, and therefore made heavy profits when some did come along.

That evening we wandered around the old crooked streets—paved in cobble-stones, which wore our shoes almost in pieces—until we were glad to pause in front of the great old red-brick cathedral. Its towers cut the big yellow moon in two at every angle we could see them. We raised our eyes to take in the tremendous

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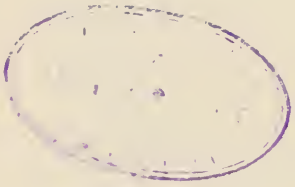
The Louise Island.
Thier Garten, Berlin.



dimensions of the cathedral, and the ornamentations of some of the best houses, until we suddenly remembered that it was nearing midnight, and that we had been in actual service at sight-seeing and traveling since an early hour that morning, so we returned to our ball-room and two candles. The next morning, we imagined, we would have a great treat in hunting up old carved furniture, for which Danzig, we had been told by our German friends, was equal to Augsburg; but the antiquarians had left no place unexplored. No trace of massive-legged table or curiously-carved chairs was to be found, save in the Museum and the Rathhaus (Council Hall). The stairway of the Council Hall remains indeed a monument to the ingenious designer and skillful carver, and the judge's chair is most curious.

A fine old convent has been turned into a museum. Its *kreuzgänge*, or cross-passages, gave the place a most mysterious, sequestered air, and they are gradually collecting some great pictures and treasures within its walls. But the Rathhaus, in its architecture, surpasses everything in Danzig, excepting, perhaps, its fine old gateways.

The most distinguished houses in Danzig have on either side of the entrance, at a distance of five feet, immense stones hewn out of solid rock. They are nine feet, probably, in circumferance. A chain is attached, which is given a graceful swing before being fastened again to either side of the front door, about as high up as the brass knocker. As these big round stones grow smaller in perspective, they give a peculiarity to a street. They seem to be peculiar to Danzig, unless one or two dwellings in Edinburgh have them. The big stone, the large chains, the tremendous brass knockers, and the innumerable windows in the six stories of the pointed gables, suggest aristocratic dwellings, and surpass the houses in Nuremberg.

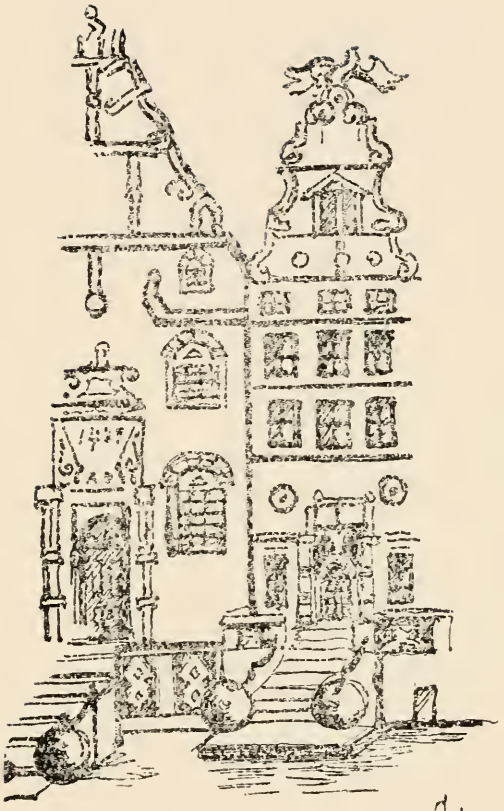
An important political meeting at Stettin, which my husband desired to attend defeated our intention of seeing Marienburg on our return to Berlin. Marienburg is a place few foreigners find out, but

Lubke, in his "History of Art," represents the architecture of the palace occupied by the knights, or crusaders, for two centuries, as one of the most exquisite ruins in all Germany. Thorn and Königsburg were also homes for this order of knights.

The following day at noon it was rather refreshing to drive into so modern and gay a place as Berlin, and forget that so many people must exist in places like Danzig. Mediæval life seems still to enwrap them there as in a garment. Their eyes are closed to any modern idea or project.

Berlin contains all that is new and progressive in northern Germany. That day as we sat in the garden of the "Thiergarten Hotel," eating delicious salmon, the old emperor drove by in his open carriage, with his faithful *jäger*. He was still a subject for curiosity, as it was so soon after the attempt had been made to assassinate him, June 7, 1878. When he was fired on he drove in this same open carriage with this same faithful *jäger*. The sight of the emperor recalled the previous months which had been so full of politcal stir in Europe. The session of the Berlin Congress, and the occupation of Bosnia by the Austrians had taken place.

To describe Berlin to those who have not visited it, is simply telling, generally, the size of palaces, the number of art collections, the width of streets, the squares occupied by statues, the places of amusement—but even when these objects and interests are put in writing they leave little impression until the place is seen. But there is another aspect of the great Prussian capital. It is a wonderful place just now, attracting so many foreign students to its university, the best musical talent to its conservatories, and the first military genius within its walls. No matter what branch of study one may choose, the instruction and illustration is right at hand. To the student of politics it is a most fruitful field, not only because distinguished statesmen frequent its streets every day, but because grave problems in political science are discussed in the Reichstag or taught in the University. The student of physics or of natural sciences can



M. M. A. T. 1876

House fronts in Danzig.

UNIVERSITY

work under Helmholz and others; the student of music can secure Joachim or Clara Schumann, or the student of art Knaus or Richter. Berlin has no pulpit orator. The Dom is more frequented because of its tombs than for any living influence it extends. It contains the coffins of Frederick William, the great elector, and Frederick I, king of Prussia. The Mendelssohn choir chants its anthems, and the Emperor and Empress bow at its communion table; but St. Hedwig's church is better attended. The American Chapel, built by the efforts of Mr. Whright, an American minister to the Prussian court, a devout Methodist, is still occupied and attended by travelers of the American-English type.

The annual exhibition of pictures in the academy, the many fine concerts, the treasures in the old Museum, the Royal Library, the palaces, and the lovely drives along "Unter den Linden," are only mentioned to show what Berlin does contain in the way of sights and pleasures. This Unter den Linden, the street so well known, was planned by Frederick William, in the seventeenth century, and is now worn by many royal carriages and busy, hurrying crowds. The street about the opera house is crowded every morning by the eager buyers of tickets, which must be secured in the morning.

Surely life in Berlin can be made very attractive, but after a long residence there I am convinced that it has little religious spirit. The climate is depressing, the expense of living great. Potsdam, Sans Souci, Charlottenburg, and many other places in the suburbs, are, historically, most interesting.

It is more compensating in Europe to go from place to place with some special work or subject in view than to go for mere sight-seeing. Your special work will bring you nearer the people. If your landlady asks you what it is, and you take the trouble to tell her, she or some of her friends will at once see that you know all their acquaintances who are engaged in the same line of inquiry, and while the new acquaintances may not be socially or intellectually your

ideals, yet their conversation will help you in the language and give you many opportunities.

Dresden I only know through hard work in the galleries, although all its sights are familiar—the Schloss, Green Vaults, with their immense treasures, the Military Museum, Museum of Natural History, the Grand Opera House, the Frauenkirche, Japanese Palace, cafes, coinages and statues; yet the picture gallery, with its priceless "Madonna di San Sisto" of Raphael, is to most travelers the starting point of interest and the essence of Dresden life.

From eight o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon faithful copyists labor in the gallery. The price received for their work scarcely keeps them from starving. To go in among them for a time and work and feel as they do, enlarges one's sympathies, and teaches one to love the masterpieces of the great artists. To the uninitiated in such matters it may be well to explain that before the permission is given to copy a picture in any of the European galleries, a good deal of red tape must be looked after, especially in Germany. The director demands a specimen of the applicant's work, which must be a study from nature, either figure or landscape or still life. It is with considerable trepidation that the office of the "Herr Director" is entered. If the applicant is successful, he or she comes out with an elaborate paper containing the agreement, the name of picture to be copied, the number, room, &c., with the director's name and the seal attatched. One of the *gallerie diener*, as they are called in Germany, takes you under his care, arranges an easel, a piece of carpet, a rest-stick and table. You are recognized among the copyists, and the hat of every *gallerie diener* is raised at your approach or departure. When you have finished, the inspector is allowed to criticise your work. You must pay the *diener* who has waited upon you some *trink geld*, or a fee, as we would express it. At noon you can eat your cold lunch, in company with the other copyists, in front of a Raphael or a Correggio, a Titian or a Rubens, scrutinize its merits or laugh at its blunders, or

speculate on the old master's methods of using their pigments, without being amenable to any code. An artist's life is a life of independence of thought, at least. Many of these copyists spend their afternoons in sketching, thus establishing their originality and emancipating themselves from servile observance of other men's methods. In company with these plodding, intelligent artists, I have spent many delightful hours sketching in the "Alt Market," or the Zwinger, or at Sans Souci or Charlottenburg. *

I have often wondered if the little Greek church in the suburbs of Dresden was as attractive to all travelers as to me. It is surrounded on one side by golden wheat fields, with red poppies and dark blue corn flowers growing among it. Its gilded dome, semi-domes, and minarets, shine like blazing lights against the dark blue sky. The style is such pure Byzantine and the inside so perfect in its appointments, and yet so simple; the service conducted in so solemn and devout a spirit, there seems to be much to impress the looker-on. There are no seats. On one side stand the women and on the other side the men, and before the altar the patriarch, or priest. The service is short, consisting almost entirely of singing by the men and boys, without the aid of an instrument. When the plate is passed for the collection it contains a roll of bread. Every Russian is obliged to take the sacrament once a year; the priests take it every Sunday, and the congregation at will. Their belief that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father, and not from the Father and Son, seems to be the most essential difference in creed between the English Church and the Greek.

A summer in the Harz Mountains, taking in Weimar and Eisenach, and the "Wartburg," is a charming experience. To find out that one can live in this age in so interesting a retreat as Weimar, for

* My husband had left me in Dresden during the summer of 1878 while he went to Servia and Bosnia—a trip afforded him from the London Daily News (for which he was the Berlin correspondent,) out of courtesy for his able work during the Berlin Congress. See page XXVI, Biographical Sketch, History of Prussia; Vol. IV.

twenty dollars a month, gives back some of the simplicity to German life.

To a student of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland and Herder, no spot offers more pleasure than the quiet, old streets and groves and houses of Weimar. A mere drive through the park, passing Goethe's summer house and on out to "Tiefert," where the Grand Duchess Amelia held her little court, and the open air theater attracted a charming coterie to listen to Goethe or Schiller in some representation, re-awakens the genius of the times and arouses the appetite of the traveler for more acquaintance with the place. The next drive or stroll through the park will prove that every stone contains some rhyme, and every bench some association with those great men. There is a line to Frau Von Stein in the garden of Goethe's country house, an elegy engraved on the stone as one ascends to the Roman house in the park. The front approach to this house is not so attractive, but the back is a fascinating place. It contains on the first floor an open room with round table and benches, where the Duke and his poets sat for hours, looking over the old stone steps into the park. A short stroll from there brings one to the large open space, in the middle of the park, which was laid out by Goethe, and represents precisely the dimensions of St. Peter's in Rome. The immense ground plot of that church is here to be recognized more definftely than when one stands under its dome.

The grand ducal palace at Weimar contains one unique room, while all the others are handsome. The one which differs from similar palatial apartments is frescoed with scenes from the works of Weimar's great poets. The halls are silent and one longs to see little fat Karl August step out of a *saal* or the Duchess Amelia greet Goethe or Schiller on the stairway as in days of yore. Mr. Lewis, in his life of Goethe, portrays such scenes with a graphic pen.

In 1832 the house in the Goethe-platz was left vacant by its great occupant. Its art treasurers, its library, its various collections,

(showing how comprehensive Goethe's mind was, and how many things he had investigated), were abandoned, as all human efforts must be abandoned, when the silent messenger calls the soul into the presence of its Great Creator, If self-denial is required of those on earth who hope to enter into His rest, then who can answer for Goethe? But surely the choir of angels in "Faust" sing beautifully of it.

This house still stands as he left it, and is shown every Friday afternoon to visitors. It has been occupied by his nephew for years.

The church in which Lucas Cranach's great picture is to be seen, and in which Herder preached, is a cold, heartless structure to a stranger, but its very stones and walls must respond to the prayers of the old inhabitants. The *brunnen* or town well, in front of Lucas Cranach's house, when surrounded by a crowd of peasants offers a *genre* picture for an artist. The picture gallery is new and good. A large fresco representing Weimar celebrities is in the front entrance. Bettina Von Arnim is the only woman in the group. Perhaps her correspondence, which is by many considered spurious, will make the artist regret that he has given her so important a position in this fresco. To take an early breakfast in a pension overlooking some historic grounds, then spend the morning in the gallery and the afternoon in the park, and the evening at the concert, is about the happiest program one can follow in a small German town.

Eisenach, the capital of Saxe-Weimar, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, will always remain associated with Martin Luther. It is the principal town in the Thuringian forest. The old "Wartburg," one and a half miles south of the town, is famous for its architecture and history. Martin Luther, the Elector of Saxony, who rescued him, and earlier the saintly Elizabeth and her cruel husband, are only a few names which are associated with it. Of course the story of

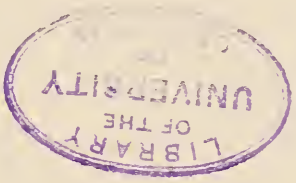
the Elector of Saxony rescuing Luther, after the Diet of Worms, is well known. Yet who can resist dwelling upon this bold character of the period. After the Pope's excommunication Luther defies all threats and starts out on his return journey, with the Emperor's promise of a safe conduct; the decree for arrest follows closely every step. What a picture! to have these armed knights attack him and carry him prisoner to the old Wartburg. Then to discover afterward that a friend's hand, and not an enemy's had done this thing. There he remained ten months, and there still remain the traces on the wall of the ink he threw at the devil. Perhaps the chapel where he preached on Sundays, is a more becoming and decorous place to associate him with than this little room, always pointed out by the sensational guide.

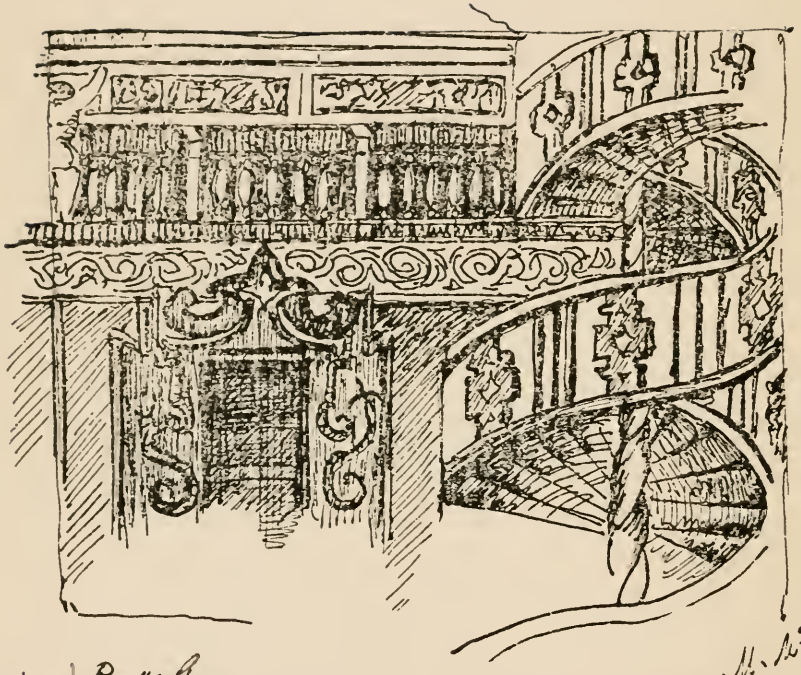
The Wartburg has been so beautifully renovated of late, (at the expense of the government,) it is really worth a second visit to those who may have seen it years ago. The banquet hall is certainly superb, and the St. Elizabethengang, with its beautiful frescoes and long narrow proportions, almost enables one to see the good woman walking up and down with her prayer-book, in deep meditation, before starting out through the forest with her attendants, laden with provisions for the poor. It is told that once, when her liege-lord met her, and inquired what she had there (he had strictly forbidden her taking things to the poor), she, with legendary faith, opened the bundle and forthwith the bread became roses.

Taking your faithful donkey which has brought you up the hill, and your Wartburg album collection of photographs, you find yourself soon wandering through the lovely and fantastic *Annathal*, and finally resting near the depot at Eisenach. There the untiring finger of your old guide points to Fritz Reuter's house, and at last to his own little bill, which he has carefully prepared and which he expects you as carefully to pay. Never goes money from your pocket more liberally.

The Harz Mountains, their legends and songs, have been so often

written of there is danger of stupid repetition if one goes over the ground.—*Reprinted from The Chautauquan, Meadville, Pa., by courtesy of Theodore L. Flood, editor and publisher.*





M. M. A. 1
1896

Danzig (Danzig) Rathhaus.
Wood carving in Northern Germany

From the Baltic to the Adriatic.

[Concluded.]

Travelers are like conchologists, vying with one another in picking up different shells, and herein lies the unending interest of their record.

In the roundabout route from the Baltic to the Adriatic and Mediterranean, Cassel, the electorate in former years of Hesse-Cassel, afforded a most suggestive visit. To be sure, its history is not altogether pleasant to an American, for the fact that the old elector hired his troops to England to fight us during the Revolutionary war, is a not a savory bit of German history. Even Frederick the Great saw the meanness of it, for when he heard they were to take their route to England by Prussian roads, he sent word, "if they did so, he would levy a cattle tax on them." Perhaps some of the money paid by England at that time was laid up in the public treasury and expended afterward upon the extravagant ornamentation of the grounds of the elector's summer residence, "Wilhelmshöhe." The palace is in itself one of the most magnificent in Europe. Above the cascades in front of it is the highest fountain on the continent. "One stream, twelve inches in diameter, is thrown to the height of two hundred feet. The colossal Hercules which crowned the summit of this artificial grandeur was thirty feet high, and the cascades are nine hundred feet long. The whole arrangement is said to have kept two thousand men engaged for fourteen years, and to have cost over ten million dollars!" Jerome Napoleon occupied this palace of Wilhelmshöhe when he was king of Westphalia.

A walk of three miles under the straight and narrow road shaded by lime trees, leads one back to Cassel, after this visit to Wilhelmshöhe. The town is beautifully situated on either side of the river Fulda, and has a population of thirty-two thousand. The beautiful

Terrace overlooking the *auegarten*, crowned by its new picture gallery, offers as delightful promenades as the celebrated Dresden Terrace. The strains of sweet music coming up from the *auegarten* (meadow) while one is looking at the beautiful Rembrandts and Van Dykes in the gallery, give the enchantment which one never fails to find in a German town. Napoleon carried away many of the most valuable pictures from the Cassel gallery—but it is redeemed from the number of horrible Jordaens and Teniers by possessing the "pearl of Rembrandts," a portrait of "Saskia," his wife.

Chemical products, snuff included, are manufactured in Cassel, and it is quite a wide-awake business place—the old town preserved for picturesque effect, and the new town building up for enterprising manufacturers.

Leaving Cassel any day at one o'clock, one can reach Coblenz at half-past seven in the evening, and the Bellevue Hotel will shelter one delightfully for the night, provided a room on the *hof*, or court, is not given. Four hundred feet above the river at Coblenz stands the old fortress of "Ehrenbreitstein." How fine its old gray stone and its commanding situation is! No wonder Auerbach, the novelist, in his "Villa on the Rhine," devoted so many pages to Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of the Rhine. "It cost the government five million dollars. With four hundred cannon, and capacity to store provisions for ten years for eight thousand men in its magazine," well may it scorn attacks "as a tempest scorns a chain."

Instead of driving up to see this monstrous fortress, one may prefer to wander into St. Castor's Church in the early morning, and, like a devout Catholic, kneel and pray. It may be more restful to thus "commune with one's own heart and be still," than to keep up a perpetual sight-seeing. Charlemagne divided his empire among his grandchildren in this very church. It dates to the ninth century, and is one of the best specimens of Lombard architecture in all the Rhine provinces. Coming out in the morning about ten o'clock, the sun will light up the severe outlines of the great old Ehrenbreitstein

across the river. Luther's celebrated hymn, "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*" (A mighty fortress is our God), comes inevitably to the mind.

We left Coblenz at ten o'clock on the steamer "Lurlei" for Mainz. This romantic name for our boat, the waters we were plying, St. Castor's Church on the left, and Ehrenbreitstein on the right, brought a strange combination of war, romance and religion to the mind. The only prosaic moment which seized me was in passing the Lurlei Felsen on the Rhine—when, instead of remembering Lurlei, I exclaimed to my companion, "Oh! here is where they catch fine salmon!" Rheinstein was to my mind the most beautiful and picturesque castle of all, and being owned by the Crown Prince is kept in becoming repair. The "*panorama des Rheins*" is a troublesome little companion, for it leaves one not a moment for calm enjoyment and forgetfulness, constantly pointing out the places of interest and crowding their history and romance upon one.

The Dom at Mainz is a curious study for an architect—combining as it does so many styles and containing such curious old tombs.

Frankfort, the birthplace of Goethe, and the native place of the Rothchilds family, has too much history to detail in an article like this. When it was a free city it had, and it still retains, I believe, the reputation of being the commercial capital of that part of Germany.

Goethe preferred little Weimar for the development of his poetical life. His father's stately house in Frankfort, still to be seen, was not equal to his own in Weimar.

But let us leave the Main and the Rhine and look up Nuremburg and Munich before we follow our southern course to the Adriatic. An erratic journey this, but have we not found some shells which the other conchologists overlooked?

Nuremberg seems to have lost more in population than any German city we know of. Having once numbered 100,000, it now claims only 55,000. It is a curious fact that Nuremberg toys which

were so celebrated formerly have been surpassed in this country, and now American manufactures in this line are taken to Nuremburg and actually sold as German toys. This was told me by a gentleman interested in the trade. Buy a lead pencil in Nuremburg if you want a good article very cheap—perhaps you can learn to draw or sketch with one, being inspired by the memory of Albert Durer.

Nuremberg is Bavaria's second largest city, and attracts more foreigners or visitors than Munich, perhaps, yet to the mind of the Bavarian, Munich is Bavaria, as to the Frenchman, Paris is France, and to the Prussian, Berlin is Prussia! No traveler can be contented, however, without some time in Nuremberg, although I dare say many go away disappointed. The old stone houses with their carved gables, the walls and turrets, St. Sebald Church, and the fortress where Gustavus Adolphus with his immense army was besieged by Wallenstein, are things which never grow tedious to the memory. In this fortress now they keep the instruments of torture used in the middle ages to extract secrets from the criminal or the innocent, as it might chance to be. A German in Berlin laughingly told me when I described the rusty torturous things, that they were all of recent manufacture, and were not the genuine articles at all! But new or old, genuine or reproduced, they make one shudder as does Fox's "Book of Martyrs." I know of no church in Germany more worthy of study than St. Sebald's. In it one finds a curious old gold lamp, which swings from the ceiling about half way down one aisle of the church. It is called *die ewige lampe* because it has been always burning since the twelfth century. It is related of one of Nuremberg's respectable old citizens that he was returning in the darkness to his home, and finally almost despaired of finding his way, when a faint light from the St. Sebald's Church enabled him to arrive in safety at his own door. He gave a fund to the church afterward for the purpose of keeping there a perpetual light. When the Protestants took St. Sebald's, as they did so many Catholic churches in Germany after the Reformation, the interest on this

money which the old man gave had still to be used in this way according to his will. So *die ewige lampe* still swings and gives its dim light to the passer-by at night. Our American Consul told a characteristic story of an American girl and her mother, whom he was escorting about Nuremberg. They were in St. Sebald's Church, and he related the story of the lamp as they stood near it. Underneath stands a little set of steps which the old sexton ascends to trim the lamp. "Oh!' said this precocious American girl, "I shall blow it out, and then their tradition that it has never been out will be upset." So she climbed the steps fast, and as she was about to do this atrocious thing our Consul pulled her back, and said she would be in custody in an hour, and he would not help her out. The mother merely laughed, and evidently saw nothing wrong about the performance. It is just such smart acts on the part of American girls abroad which induced a man like Henry James to write novels about them. The fine, intelligent, self-poised girls travel unnoticed, while the "Daisy Millers" causes the opinion so often entertained about all American girls by foreigners, that they are "an emancipated set" to still exist in a large degree.

It was our good fortune while in Munich to board with most agreeable people. The *Herr Geheimrath* (privy counselor) had retired from active life of one kind, to enjoy the privilege of being an antiquarian and art critic. He had his house full of most valuable and curious treasures. The study of ceramics was his hobby, and all kinds of porcelain, and earthenwares of the rarest kinds were standing around on his desk, on cabinets and on the floor. He edited *Die Wartburg*, a paper which was the organ of *Münchener Alterthum-Verein*, and wrote weekly articles *Ueber den Standpunkt unserer heutigen Kunst*. His wife was formerly the *hof singerin* (court singer) at the royal opera in Munich, but was then too old to continue Every Saturday evening she would give a home concert, and would sing the lovely aria from the "Freischütz," or Schumann's songs.

St. Petersburg never looked whiter from snow than did Munich that winter. The galleries were cold, but the new and old Pinakothek were too rich to be forsaken. Fortunately the new building was just across the street from the *Herr Geheimrath's*. If it had only been the old Pinakothek I found myself continually saying, for who cares for Kaulbachs, and modern German art, compared with the rich Van Dykes, the Rubens, the Durers, and the old Byzantine school? I should say the Munich gallery is superior to the Dresden in numbers, but not in gems But they have fine specimens from the Spanish, the Italian, and German schools.

The Glyptothek is Munich's boast. There is a stately grandeur in this building that suggests Greece and her art. On a frosty morning, to wander out beyond the Propylæum and enter through the great bronze door of the Glyptothek one feels like a mouse entering a marble quarry. I presume there is no such collection of originals in any country but Italy. Ghiberti, Michael Angelo, Benvenuti, Peter Vischer, Thorwaldsen, Canova, Rauch, Schwanthaler, are all represented by original works. But it needs a warm climate to make such a collection of statuary altogether attractive

Going from Germany to Italy, one takes the "Brenner Pass," generally, over the Alps—the oldest way known, and used by Hannibal. After winding around the side of these snowy peaks, and being blinded by the mists enveloping the landscape, trembling with admiration or fear, as the case may be, a glimpse of sunny Italy is most encouraging.

To reach the Adriatic and Venice is enough earthly joy for some souls. Elizabeth Barrett Browning felt so; and all people feel so, perhaps; Henry James, W. D. Howells, M. Taine and others give themselves up to Venice, and write about her until she becomes identified with their reputation. Fantastic, capricious Venice—"Bride of the Adriatic."

Now comes Verona. Juliet's tomb is a deception—a modern

invention; but the house of Juliet's parents (the Capuletti), an old palace, stands as it did in the days when Shakespeare represents its banqueting halls and good cheer.

You will be surprised to hear that the Italian gentlemen wore fur on their coats. They were, I imagine, traveled gentlemen, for the genuine Italian, whether count or beggar, has a cloak thrown over his shoulder in bewitching folds. When he pulls his large felt hat over his splendid eyes so that it casts a dark shadow on his mysterious face, and stands in the sunshine, he looks picturesque indeed. Verona is more Italian in appearance than Florence.

The principal street in Florence runs along either side of the river Arno, and is crowded for some distance with little picture and jewelry shops but farther on toward the *cascine*, or park, the street widens, and is enriched with handsome buildings, most of which are hotels. This drive to the *cascine* and the grand hotel was made when Victor Emmanuel allowed the impression to exist that Florence would remain the capital of Italy. This drive is thronged with carriages about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was here I remember to have had the carriage of the Medici family pointed out to me. Within sat two ladies with dark lustrous eyes, jet hair, and a great deal of lemon color on their bonnets. The livery was also lemon color, and the carriage contained the coat of arms on a lemon-colored panel. The Italians are very partial to this shade of yellow. The beds are draped with material of this same intense hue—very becoming to brunettes, but ruinous, as the young ladies would say, to blondes.

Every one knows of the old Palazzo Vecchio, which rises away above every object in the city of Florence. Its walls are so thick that in them there are places for concealment—little cells—and in one of these the great reformer of Florence, Savonarola, was kept until they burned him at the stake in front of the palace.

"Santa Croce" is the name of the church which contains the tombs of Michael Angelo, Alfieri, Galileo, and Machiavelli. Byron,

moved with this idea, writes:

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality."

Every American goes to Power's studio naturally proud of the Greek Slave. Next to the Venus of Milo it seems the loveliest study in marble of the female figure. But "our lady of Milo," as Hawthorne calls her—because of her classic grandeur—seems to scorn modern art.

The Baptistery in Florence is a curious octagonal church, built in the twelfth century, and has the celebrated bronze doors by Ghiberti, representing twelve eventful scenes from the Bible. Those to the south are beautiful enough, said Michael Angelo, to be the Gates of Paradise.

As often as we had reflected upon Rome and her seven hills, on arriving there the hills seemed to be a new revelation to us, and the rapid driving of the Italians up and down the steep and narrow streets bewildered us not a little. We found ourselves on the way from the depot constantly asking, can this be Rome? Everything looks so new. The houses are light sandstone, like the buildings in Paris. We were informed that this portion of Rome was calculated to mislead us, and that some of the hotels in Rome were quite like Paris and New York houses: modern in every respect.

The next morning, instead of beginning with the classic portion of Rome—the Forum, the Coliseum, and the Palace of the Cæsars—we drove to St. Peters. There we spent four hours wandering around, finally witnessing a procession of Priests and Cardinals in their gorgeous robes. They entered from the right, just this side of the bronze statue of St. Peter.

The interior of this great edifice is in white and gold, and now and then there are wonderful colors coming from side Chapels with the gems and the paintings about the altars. There are grand proportions in this church, perfect simplicity, and the pure light of heaven

sends a beam upon a golden dove above St. Peter's tomb, which radiates in a thousand streams of light over the marble pavement.

It is almost necessary to find a niche in the base of some pillar and sit there awhile before plunging into the immensity of this superb building, just as a bird gets ready before darting into space. But after all, the feeling of immensity which St. Peter's gives is not so grateful to the religious sense as the Gothic style of architecture affords with its stained glass windows and deep recesses,

"Its long drawn aisles and fretted vaults."

The Renaissance did much, but it did not do all!

Few ruins impressed me so much in Rome, or suggested the ancient glory than the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. The magnificence of this building must have been unparalleled. It is said to have accommodated sixteen hundred bathers at once. What would the old Romans have thought of the buildings of the present generation which fall down or burn up without much warning.

The different arches and columns of Rome constitute one of its most attractive features. Let those who enjoy them climb their steps or strain their eyes to decipher in a scorching Italian sun the dates, the seven golden candlesticks, the shew bread, and Aaron's rod on Titus's arch, for example. The Roman Forum near by, the old landmarks of ancient Rome fasten the attention for days, and to wander through the Capitoline Museum come to the Stanza del Fauno, the room where Rienzi stood and exhorted the people to recover their ancient rights and the basement below where St. Paul was imprisoned is, indeed, the realization of great thoughts.

We saw King Humbert and the Queen in a procession where they were driving to gratify the people, and we again saw the King unattended driving with his brother through the grounds of the Borghese Villa. The Carnival was forbidden that year in Rome, but there were out-croppings of it on the streets. The tinseled finery and humbug of it seem so incongruous in ancient classic Rome.

The Pantheon is too important in its history for any fragmentary

writing, but I have always liked the following paragraph from James Freeman Clarke concerning it: "The Romans in this church, or temple, worshipped their own gods, while they allowed the Jews, when in Rome, to worship their Jewish god, and the Egyptians to worship the gods of Egypt, and when they admitted the people of a conquered state to become citizens of Rome their gods were admitted with them; but in both cases the new citizens occupied a subordinate position to the old settlers. The old worship of Rome was free from idolatry. Jupiter, Juno, and the others were not represented by idols. But there was an impassable gulf between the old Roman religion and modern Roman thought, and Christianity came to the Roman world not as a new theory but as a new life, and now her churches stand by the side of the ruins of the Temple of Vesta and the old empty Pantheon."—*Reprinted from The Chautauquan, Meadville, Pa., by courtesy of Theodore L. Flood, editor and publisher.*

Home Life in Germany.

1874-1878.

Housekeeping in Germany is reduced to a science: a knowledge of principles gained by experiment and experience. Personal and domestic expenditures are better regulated than in America, for the theories of consumption of capital and consumption of labor are more generally studied. This is especially true in the large cities where the houses are built to accommodate several families. Even the basement rooms are occupied which are built half above ground and half below. The porter and his family live comfortably in these rooms, which are oftentimes cheerful and cozy. They are ever ready to serve and oblige the "herrschaften" above. The massive front door opens to the touch of a bell attached to a rubber tube and bell, which is secured *in the basement of the front room* where the cheerful wife of the porter usually sits. This front door is massive and ornamental. The plate glass is protected by wrought iron in elegant aresbesque patterns around the monogram of the owner, while the panels of wood below are handsomely carved. The greater number of houses are built of brick, stuccoed, which oftentimes resembles *stone* to such a degree that strangers at first sight are misled. Invariably on the inside of the door one sees in large German letters: "Bitte die thür leise zu zumachen." People going in and out naturally read this request, and while so occupied let the door slam the louder. There are seven to eight and sometimes fourteen rooms on each floor of these apartment houses. If you are a foreigner examining them with a view to renting one, the "portier frau" will accompany you around exclaiming: "how comfortable it all is!"

There is a salon or drawing room in the front, a large, finely proportioned oblong room with bay window, frescoed ceiling, well papered walls, inlaid floor Sometimes there are two rooms front or even more, according to the expense of the building. as a wide frontage presupposes much wealth. If, however. there are only two rooms front one is the library, usually with a small balcony attached. The dining room opens from the drawing room and is aiso oblong with an alcove and bay window overlooking the court. The portier frau always explains as she throws open the folding doors between the drawing room and dining room, "how splendid they look during a dinner party." Next you follow your guide through a long narrow hall, passing bed rooms, bath room, and kitchen. The bed rooms are much smaller in Germany than in the American house, although modern innovations in large cities have brought them up to handsome proportion. But the genuine German, no matter how distinguished, even the great Gœthe himself, preferred the small sleeping apartment opening into a large room which is for ventilation—direct drafts being considered most detrimental to health. Mr. Lewis in his biography of Gœthe never fails to express astonishment at the small dark room in which the great man slept and finally died In the handsome old house at Weimar the spacious reception rooms and commodious dining room contrast strangely to the Englishman's mind, with the contracted bed room. The theory, however, is all right—for the German regards the bed room as merely a place for repose, and instead of sitting in a bed room, as is oftentimes a habit with other people—the sitting room is attached to the bed room. But as I have already said, in the modern German cities there is no longer so much discrepancy between bed room and salon.

The severest comment I ever heard upon the former, ways, was made by a disaffected German who came to this country at the time the Hon. Karl Schurz did, but who was not so successful and consequently a little embittered with everything—he remarked : "That Berlin houses reminded him with their swell fronts and elegant draw-

ing rooms of the fashion of wearing embroidered chemisettes when the rest of the toilet was mean and contemptible."

The system by which these houses are rented or occupied is worth our attention since it has become to be a matter of great expense, even in America, for a single house to be occupied by one family. A man who owns an apartment house worth 60,000 thalers will occupy the parterre wohunng, or the first floor, while the basement, as we have already explained, will belong to the porter. The bel étage or second floor, as in Paris, is considered the choice apartment and rents high, while the third and fourth bring good prices. It is a good investment, for although the taxes are heavy, yet the outlays for water and gas are met by the renter.

As to the housekeeping in one of these apartments or wohunngs—the windows being in casement style are easily kept clean, but are difficult to drape. The floors are beautifully inlaid in different colored woods and waxed. A characteristic German drawing room will be furnished about as follows: Grand piano, or upright, if preferred; Smyrna rugs, carved table, sofa and chairs. The table removed from the sofa only far enough to allow a stout matron to pass in for her seat in one corner, which is her prerogative, especially if she is a titled lady. The chairs are arranged around the table, all agreeing to color and form. It would be unjust here not to say that the modern fads for bric-a-brac, for elegant Oriental hangings, tapestries, and unique furniture has penetrated the German mind as it has the English and American, and the revival of house decoration is appreciated in Germany by those who have the means to investigate the subject, but the house we describe is "pre-æsthetical" and stands for German taste which will compare favorably with the American house before the highly æsthetic fever developed. The dress circle of Smyrna rug, sofa table and chairs, is the center of attraction, yet the opposite walls and corners are not neglected. Pedestals with choice bits from the antique or a lady's writing desk with delicate note paper ready for her use, an embroidered chair for her service,

a rich robe for her feet, make up the accessories. If good pictures cannot be purchased the German, generally speaking, prefers blank walls. Steel engravings from the old masters are frequently found, but seldom oil paintings or water colors unless they be of intrinsic value. In this particular Americans can learn much from foreigners. Oftentimes the wood work of an American house, its rugs and carpets, its furniture, its silver, china and glass, will all be decidedly above its pictures in value.

The arrangement of the Teutonic lady's drawing room is so *rational* that the palace and the poor man's house has the link of resemblance; for no matter how inferior the sofa, the table, or the chairs, they will be placed in relation the one to the other, as we have described. This impresses the foreigner as being a bit dull, and the American or English woman living in Germany avoids all proximity of sofa and chairs.

The gemüthlichkeit, which may be translated into various words in our language, such as friendliness, good nature, kindheartedness, snugness, something comfortable or even lackadaisical, shows itself during a *Kaffee Klatsch*, to as great a degree as elsewhere. The hour of four o'clock is given almost invariably to a sip of coffee and good conversation. If there have been special invitations twenty or more women appear with fine work or knitting. The table is spread with spotless damask, upon which the Kaffee is served. The silver urn is covered with a quilted hood to keep it warm—flanked on either side by baskets of cakes. Here the sipping and the knitting and the gossiping begin. It is the honr sans-sonci for women—where all the ingenuousness and cleverness of the German mind appears. On such an occasion I remember to have heard a German say—"but how strange the way the Americans pay their physicians Here it is so much a year whether their services are needed or not. Some years it happens to be sure that a large family will have much sickness, but the doctor asks no more than if there had been no sickness. Fifty thalers is the usual amount for a small family. And in Amer-

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ica how do you suppose they reckon a doctor's visit? And then Germany has professional nurses even in the smallest places—but there it is not so." Among the books in a German library, unless it be the home of a gelehtre, who, of course—owns a large share of books—the standard German authors are to be found—Gœthe, Schiller, Wyland, Heine, Schlegel's translations of Shakespeare, Humbolt's travels, Hegel and Strauss perchance if the paternal mind is a trifle unorthodox—but Martin Luther is the great guide to religious thought among the Protestants.

The dining room contains an alcove with bay windows in the apartment house, and there the lady of the house sits much of her time engaged in sewing or reading or giving directions to the maid. This room has in addition to the dining table and chairs, a sofa, some upholstered chairs and two closed cabinets for damask, glass, silver and china. The bed rooms have two mahogany bedsteads, and the making of the bed is a mystery to a foreigner. Feathers below and above, piilows hid during the day under the covers, and finally a white fringed spread thrown over the entire mountain in such a manner that it is impossible to distinguish head from foot. Even the Queen's bed room in the Charlottenburg palace shows this same manner of bed. Of late the sense of the beautiful has brought to light in the shop windows silk quilted spreads and lace coverings, with corresponding materials for the bureau. A German lady said to me: "How do the American women make up their beds? I must come and learn. But," added she, "I should think they would perish under such thin covers." The bed room floor in Germany is usually painted with yellow ochre and varnished. Small rugs before each piece of furniture. A table with candle, matches, water carafe, is invariably there. During the Philadelphia Exposition a German traveling in this country wrote back to friends in Berlin: "How exasperating it is to be lodged in rooms with only a gas jet in the center of the ceiling and to awaken mornings with white walls staring one in the face—oh! for a candle and tinted walls."

The kitchen is the German's women pride, and what wonder with its shining rows of brass and copper cooking utensils hanging so orderly against the gray wall, and the beautiful white porcelain oven, brass-doored and brass.knobbed. It is not surprising that "the gracious lady," as she is called, likes to take a seat there mornings and talk over the *menu* for the day with "Frederika," then unlock the pantry door and survey the clean shelves, all dressed up in white paper, loaded with groceries and confectioneries. What women's heart would remain ungrateful at the sight of such supplies, such a kitchen and so capable a girl as white-capped, white-aproned Fredcrika? It is indeed an ideal picture, but one often and often seen in Germany.

Next to the Dutch stove, the German oven is probably the most economical. As regards temperature, if well regulated they are rather satisfactory. They are made of brick covered with porcelain tiles and are built in with the wall of the house. The cost is about seventy.five dollars for those finished in the plain white or cream-colored tiles. Sometimes, however, as in old Nuremberg, the majolica tiles are highly artistic and decorative. In the Gewerbe Museum, of Berlin, there is a collection of old Nuremberg tiles very curious and beautiful. These ovens are usually built in the corner of rooms, oftentimes seven feet high. The fire is located in a furnace near the bottom and the heat traverses the structure from side to side along winding passages before reaching the top, where a pipe conveys it when comparatively cold into a flue in the wall. The heated mass of brick continues to warm the room after the fuel is burned. The same quantity of fuel consumed in a German oven in a day would not burn longer than three hours in an open grate. In Northern Germany the poorer classes burn turf and charcoal, while the well-to-do use turf to mix with stone-coal. Previous to the introduction of furnaces wagons of turf were brought to the apartment houses at a very early hour—the horses were unhitched and taken away. The attic rooms of these apartment houses are divided into

compartments for storage. Up these long flights of back stairway one could see the sturdy peasant women aged oftentimes carrying basketfull after basketfull of turf to store away for the "herrschaften."

The fire in German ovens must be lighted one hour before the rooms can be made comfortable. While the fires are beginning to burn the floors are being polished, which takes the hour which would be given in England or America to the cooking of an elaborate breakfast. If our Continental friends, however, prefer polished floors to gladden their sight on rising, to heavy beafsteaks to warm their stomachs, what reason have we to criticise? Frederika is lighting not the kitchen fire, but a little spirit lamp underneath the "coffee machine," or boiler, and carrying in the fresh rolls and eggs which she has just received from the baker's wife at the back door, and in ten minutes she will formally announce to the *gnädigen herrn* and the *gnädnige frau* (gracious lord and gracious lady) that "*fruhstuck ist fertig*" (breakfast is ready). The *gnädiger herr* will appear wrapped up in a heavy morning wrapper (made of gray cloth, trimmed in mazarine blue) with newspaper in hand, and the *gnädige frau* will take her seat at the table where the coffee is sending up its smoke She looks, in her morning cap and white apron, surely as healthy as her English sisters, and much more so than the beautiful but frail American woman, who sts eating her mutton chops and warm muffins. Who shall settle the question if doctors disagree? Continental Europe has existed on coffee, eggs and cold bread and never had dyspepsia, while England and America have grown fat or nervous on the beefsteak and muffins.

The tradition of the German washing must not be overthrown; yet after a long residence in Germany, and an experience of years in keeping house in a German apartment, I learned to regard the "*grosse wäsche*" as a necessary development there of the apartment system of keeping house. For instance, there is one common wash-room, and one drying-room; the family in the *parterre wohung* engage it the

first two days in the week, then it belongs to the family on the opposite side of the house, so that weekly occupancy is out of the question. But a foreigner can escape this egregious imposition by sending the washing out of the house every week and waiting patiently for it to return in ten days.

I was asked repeatedly by my German lady friends, "Where is your chest of linen?" meaning a carved cedar chest containing a wedding dowry of linen, enough to last through four generations, which is quite the thing to be inspected by one's intimate friends even more than the *trousseau*. How should an American woman answer such a question, or place herself in the favorable estimation of her good German friends again after shocking their education and hereditary taste, by confessing that her house linen and damask were only sufficient for one or two years. There is a sense of pride in the great washing of Germany, little dreamed of by the general observer.

A cook, house-girl, or *kindermächen*, and a butler (*diener*) are the usual number of domestics employed by a well-to-do German family where there are children. If there are no children, a cook and *diener* are sufficient help, even in a large city. In the country one girl is enough. She is Jack-of-all-trades," and gets poor pay and less praise for her proficiency. Her rosy cheeks are only found admirable by some wandering artist, who makes a hasty sketch of her carrying water from the village fountain. Among people who keep up any social style a *diener* in livery is indispensable. He opens the door, serves at the table, sets the table, polishes the floors, does the errands, carries the invitation, walks behind the ladies when they go out, or sits on the box with the coachman when they are driving. Above all, he keeps Frederika in a good humor by polishing the doors of her oven, and sipping coffee with her while the *herrschaften* are sipping theirs. The wages of this *diener* are not large compared to American ideas; he receives, according to his ability, per month, twenty thalers, ten thalers, five, or even two and

a half, if he is young, and has never served outside a restaurant. In addition to his wages, he gets good food, or the equivalent in money, which he generally prefers, for he can then eat with the family of the porter below. A domestic must understand his or her work distinctly before entering into an engagement. Each must have a book in which the employer can read the date of birth place of birth, the occupation of the parents, the character of the employé, the recommendation or condemnation of the last employer. This book is kept by the lady of the house as long as the servant remains in her service, and when leaving, if the person has been faithful, she is expected to have a good recommendation in the book. There are two classes of cooks in Germany—the finished cook (*die fertige köchin*), and the cook who is willing to do any kind of work. *Die fertige köchin* is an educated queen in her department, and like every autocrat, her power renders her unaccountable for her actions. She prefers to do the marketing, and is in league with all the grocers and butchers. This coalition of butchers, bakers, grocers, and cooks in Germany is a confederacy which threatens the *hausfrau*, the baroness and royal household alike. Socialism! And who feels it more than the helpless woman with her account books before her knowing there is no remedy if the cook says, "Meat has risen, and the butcher would not take less." An unending task in a European kitchen is dish washing, for six dozen plates in serving the dinner there, go no farther than one dozen in the ordinary American way. The *diener* is expected to help the cook in this work, and once a week a *schauer frau* (scouring woman, or woman inspector), comes to help. It is a distracting day in the *wirthschaft*, and serves as a weekly reminder of what is to come before Christmas and Easter. This *schauer frau* comes early in the morning, tears down all the kitchen utensils, takes off the brass oven doors, sets all the copper kettles and tin ware in a row, and goes to work scouring them as bright as we would think necessary for a spring cleaning. Then she washes the windows, scrubs the floors, and returns with her fifteen

silver groschen in the evening as contented as a woman in America would be with a dollar. Christmas and Easter are the seasons above all other times of the year for thorough cleaning. Then the floors are so highly polished, and the brass knobs and doors of the porcelain ovens made so brilliant that the servants go round in felt slippers and old gloves, for fear of dimming the luster before the dawn of the sacred days. Christmas is an expensive season for the *herrschaften*—so many presents expected: the cook, the *diener*, the porter and the *portier frau*, the lamp lighter, the gas man, the butcher, the baker, and candlestick-maker, and above all, the letter carrier. Eight and five dollars are small amounts for the cook and *diener*. But we must remember the cook's small wages during the year (from five to twelve dollars is the usual monthly wages), before pronouncing the Christmas gift too much.

Feiertage, or holidays for the domestic in Germany, are great annoyance to the domestic life. They are so importunant in their demands, and so obstinately disagreeable if not gratified, that it is better for the family to go to the restaurant for dinner and "eat bitter herbs where there is peace," than to remain at home for "a stalled ox," with angry servants to serve it. While they demand so much for themselves, they are easily disappointed if the *herrschaften* do not celebrate every birthday of their own. The extra work is no consideration; they show pleasure when extra company is expected. Bouquets are placed on the coffee table by the plate of the member of the family whose birthday has arrived, a cake, with the number of candles to indicate the age of the person is found burning, and Frederika and August have broad smiles on their faces as they come in and rattle off some poetry which they have committed to memory for the occasion, wishing the person whose birthday they are celebrating *glück* and *heil*.

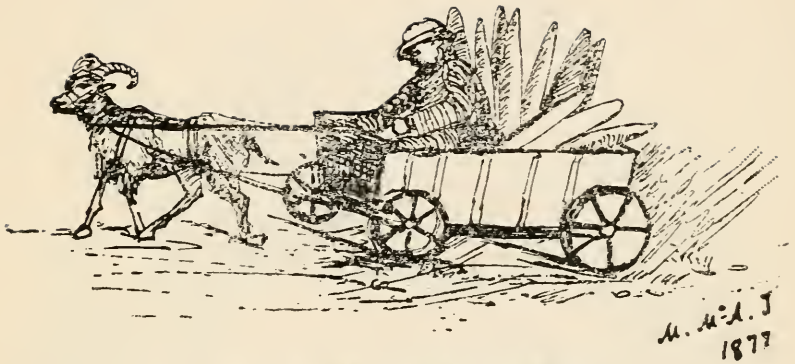
Dinner parties are the most frequent and most formal entertainments in Germany. They are stereotyped, but the type belongs purely to Germany. When the ladies enter the room, after the in-

troductions they are invited to be seated on the sofa and chairs of the "dress-circle" which we have described. The gentlemen stand around the fair ones, bending or breaking their backs in the effort to talk, or the more unconcerned stand off in groups, until the hostess assigns the ladies they are to escort to the table. The seat on the sofa is the seat of honor, and if a lady of inferior rank has arrived first and occupied that place, she rises immediately and resigns it on seeing her superior enter the room ; so that a captain's wife will offer the seat to a major's wife, and a major's wife to a general's wife, and so on. The white-gloved *diener* throws open the doors of the dining-room ten minutes after the arrival of the guests, and the guests have the privilege of speaking to each other at the table if an introduction has failed in any case in the *salon*. The dinner is served entirely from the buffet ; the snowy damask, flowers and glass, elegant porcelain on the table are all the guests have to feast their eyes upon. The meats are all carved in the kitchen, and handed around by the butler. A good *menu* resembles the French taste and order somewhat, although a discerning eye will detect the German element in the following :

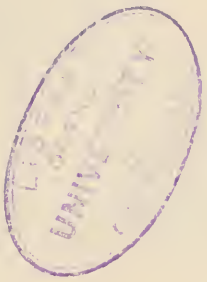
Bouillon (consommé).
Caviar (caviare).
Salmon du Rhin.
Poulets Santés aux Truffes.
Pâte de Foie Gras.
Filet de Bœuf Garni, Remouladen Sauce.
Rehbraten, Petit Pois, } Salad Compotes.
Butter und Käse und Radieschen, mit Pumbernickel.
Café and Fruits.

There is much leisure, much conversation, and much "toasting," at a German dinner. Instead of the ladies retiring when the cigars and coffee are served, as they do in England, the gentlemen and

ladies leave the table at the same time, and upon entering the *salon* each guest goes to the host and hostess and offers his or her hand, saying in the most gracious manner, "*gesegnete malzeit*" (a gracious meal). The guests all shake hands with each other and repeat the same, and then the gentlemen go into the library to smoke, and coffee is taken to them, as it is also brought to the ladies in the *salon*. The German hostess does not dress for her dinner parties as much as the English women. She is never *décolleté*—generally appears in light or black silk, square neck and half sleeves, with long white gloves. When the hour of departure comes, the *diener* goes down to the street corner, orders a *droschke* (cab) for those who have not private carriages, for one mark (twenty-five cents), the old *kutcher* will drive away the happy or weary guest, and the *diener* returns with a bright countenance and full pocket, having received from each guest in the corridor beiow enough "five silver *groschens*" to take Frederika to many concerts. And so goes life in the "Vaterland."—*Reprinted from The Chautauquan, Meadville, Pa., by courtesy of Theodore L. Flood, editor and publisher.*



The Itinerant Baker.



The Vender of Fruits and Vegetables.

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German-American Housekeeping.

I received a letter from Germany the other day, written by a young American woman who was recently married to a German officer. They live in a city of about the population of Rochester, N. Y., only distinguished from other places of its size in possessing an old cathedral, a water-cure (*Bade Anstalt*), and being a military post. These distinguishing features have nothing to do, however, with the part of her letter which I desire to reflect upon. She writes:

"I am so fortunately situated in domestic matters; I have really no care, the *madchen* is so competent and so willing, it is a real pleasure to keep house."

Just before the arrival of this letter I had patiently listened for two hours to the just and lamentable complaints of an American housekeeper.

"Six years ago the Empress of Germany announced that she would henceforth decorate with a golden cross every female servant who had passed forty years of her life in the same family. The Empress has been called upon to bestow this mark of her royal favor 893 times. Can any other country make such a remarkable showing? In America house-maids are apt to reckon their terms of continuous service by weeks and months instead of years. The beginning of reform in this matter is anxiously awaited by millions of worried households."

One of our distinguished diplomats and scholars, who served in Germany as United States minister, brought back with him a German *diener*, or butler. Karl did well for a season; maintained his respectful bearing toward the *herrschaften* and their guests until finally he announced he was "discontented," and the reason for his

desire to change places was that the *herrschaften* did not entertain as grandly in this country as they did in Germany, and that the guests were not such fine ladies and gentlemen—they did not give *trink-gelt* (civility money). But the most heartfelt reason was, he was lonely. He missed music, he missed *gemüthlichkeit*, and fine and high titles by which to call the ladies and gentlemen. And then the *festtage*—Karl also missed.

On these *festtage* in Germany a butler or maid has as good a chance to go to a picture gallery, or a pottery, or a museum, or a concert, as gentlefolks ; and does not the knowledge and pleasure gained at such places make them more cheerful, and intelligent, and competent to look at work not as a drudgery, but as something in which the whole human family is engaged in one way or another? Said an observing maid to me after an afternoon in a picture galgery ; "How can those poor artists sit all day long with their feet on the stone floor and copy pictures? They look so tired I was glad I was not one of them!" After a visit to the *Königliche Porzellan Manufactur*, in Charlottenburg, I remember once having asked "Martha" if she knew how much labor it required to manufacture a cup and saucer ; and I proceeded to tell her how the feldspar found in the various tanks of water, each time running through a sieve, then how they pass it between heavy weights so that it comes out in great sheets of pliable putty, which are laid over moulds, just as a piece of dough is laid over a pie-pan. When these forms are taken off, they are carefully finished in every indentation by skilful workmen, who have delecate tools for the purpose. Afterward they take these forms, cups, saucers, plates, vegetable dishes, as they may be, and bake them in ovens for sixteen hours the first time, and after they are taken out they are glazed and baked again, and then if the ware is to be painted it must be baked again ; and if gilded, still again. I ended this elaborate description all out of breath, for it required as much command of the German language as I had. The attentive girl, however, relieved my excitement by

Market Scenes in Germany
Retail Traffic.

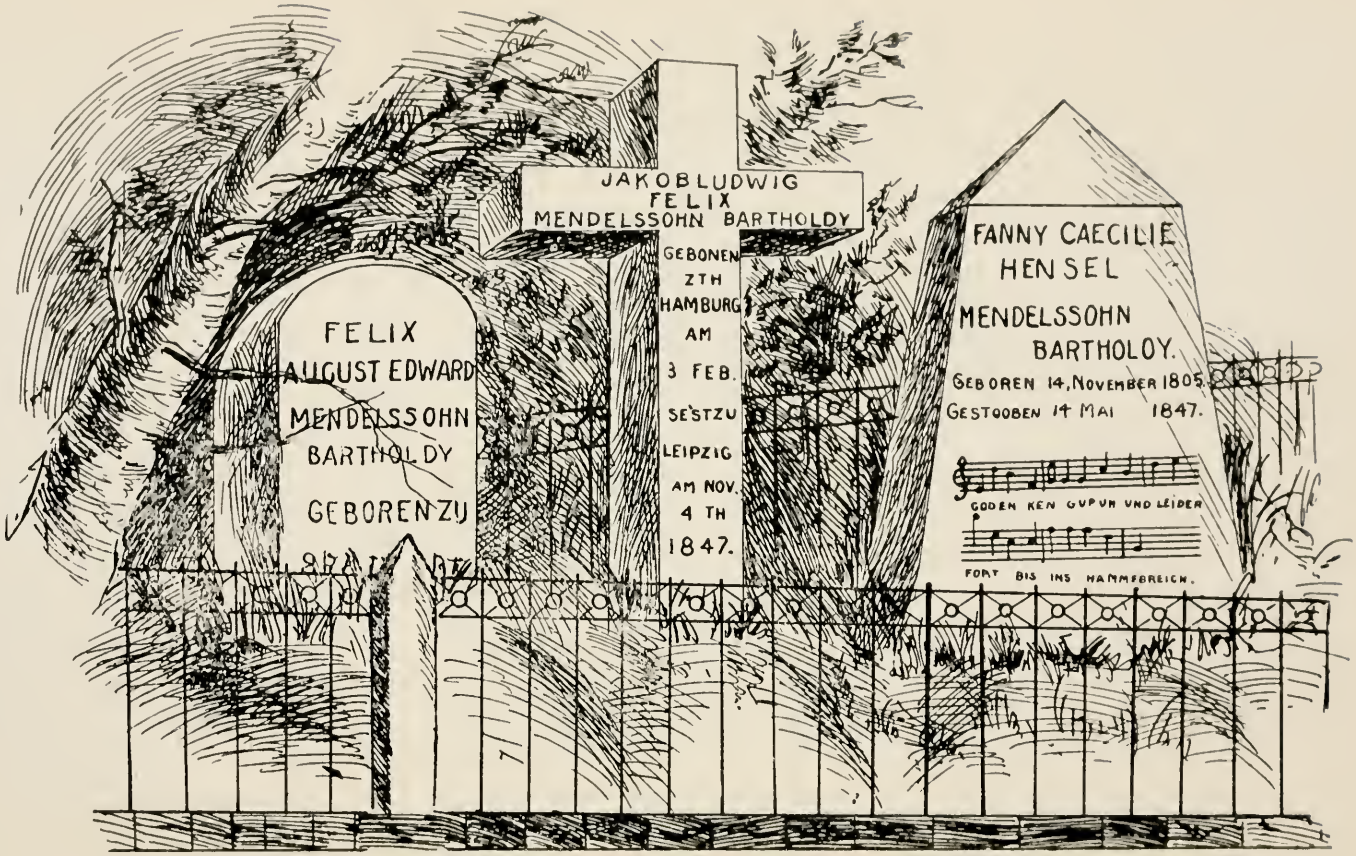
saying: "Yes; I have been out there, *gnädige frau*, and seen it all, and this is why I try to be so careful with china." In the four years this good girl had lived with us she had rarely broken a piece. I could but think how unlike the answer "Biddy" in America would have given, that "the kitchen floor was hard on china." I have known these servant girls as much interested in the collections of laces in the museums, especially the specimens made by poor peasant women in different centuries, as any high-born lady, and much more capable or reproducing specimens of this industry. The costumes of the peasants and the costumes of the kings and queens, and the furniture used by the latter, will attract crowds by the hour in European museums. But who ever sees any but the intelligent and rich walking about in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, or the Academy in Boston. We do not care to interest those we employ; only care to see that they work well and as many hours as possible. "There remains," says a writer on duties of contract, "outside of their actual service, or of any assumption of authority on our side, really limitless fields for the exercise of our natural influence as their immediate superiors and friends."

If the foreign emigrants would inform themselves "how this complex American machinery actually works" as Mr Bryce expresses it, it would be well for them. But it is only by rumor of higher wages, plenty of ground, liberty of action, that a certain class of foreigners are attracted to our shores. If they could be instructed as to what they are really to expect, that for instance domestics will find a dull gray kitchen, a heavy breakfast to cook, no open market with benches where they can loiter and talk with the market women under their red umbrellas, and watch the lads go by. Nothing but a long day and a longer evening in an uninteresting environment, with different food and different duties.

I recently asked a Swede, a beautiful girl, if she did not find herself fortunately situated in America? "Not at all, if I can do no better—my native land is far happier, where father smokes evenings and mother knits."

There was no sympathy extended in that household to the domestics.

"The drawbacks to a system of exquisite equipoise" is ignorance and unbelief on the part of those who serve, and a want of interest and sympathy on the part of those who employ. Their traditions are set aside. Like John Chinaman who has to learn that we even turn the screw the opposite way to the way in which he had been drilled. Generally speaking they are disappointed in their duties, saddened and discouraged. Wages are higher, so is the price of food. But with no money to return on they condense their lives into deafening factories, and talk over strikes. If they could be made to believe as Matthew Arnold expresses it, "that those who live in America on incomes below three hundred dollars have a better life than the same people in Europe, for they have the great West before them, they have fruits to eat and clothes to wear and that the future of these great United States are of incalcuable value *to them* as to the native born element—"The country," as Mr. Arnold says "part of whose religion is to glorify the average man." A country, we may add, where healthful competition exists and no narrowing of individual effort as yet appears, how much happier service they might render. — *Reprinted from The Chautauquan, Meadville, Pa., by courtesy of Theodore L. Flood, editor and publisher.*



The grave of August, Felix and Fanny Mendelssohn. Berlin.

Sketch by M. McA. Tuttle.

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Mendelssohn's Grave.

The accompanying pen and ink sketch representing the graves of Felix Mendelssohn and that of his sister Fanny, because of their extreme simplicity, will surprise many as they astonished me when on a Sunday afternoon we wandered out in search of the resting place of him whose songs need no words. We had both imagined some lofty monument would mark the spot, and in order to find it, it would only be necessary to inquire of some one in the vicinity. Pursuing this plan, to our utter amazement we only received an ignorant stare from plebeian and patrician. Finally, being told by an old gentleman, "if we would go beyond the Canal-strasse in the direction of the Belle-alliance Platz down the Schoneberger Ufer through a narrow street," we would come to a gate opening into a cemetery, which we must pass through, before reaching a smaller cemetery, in which Mendelssohn was buried. After many efforts we roused the old porter who kept the key to the latter gate. We walked rapidly in, expecting to see something In monumental art worthy of the name, but the artless old porter pointed to a grave in the corner, and there, overshadowed by some trees, stood the plain slabs with the names of Felix, Fanny and August Mendelssohn.

A curious sense of the incongruous came over us while standing by the simple stones and recalling the solemn and appropriate demonstration at the time of Felix Mendelssohn's death, made in every city and town where his genius had been known. Was it true that there in this small, unknown graveyard they had left him? Was it to yonder small gate the four horses in black accoutrements drew the carriage containing the coffin covered with palm branches, laurel wreaths and flowers? And did the great choirs and orchestras of the city pass through with the grand choral, 'Jesus my trust,"

preceded by all Germany's musicians, the clergy, the officers, professors, officers of the army, and the immense throng of admirers?

Felix Mendelssohn's character wanted no principle of the genuine Christian. Never was feeling more sacred and and profound, expressed in harmonious strain than he expressed in his great oratorio of "St. Paul" and "Elijah," nor can the praise of God be more grandly heard on earth than the double chorus of his XLII. Psalm when well rendered, or again, when with his pious heart he wished to show the triumph at the creation of light over darkness, which ends with a beautiful duet, "Therefore I sing thy everlasting praise, thou faithful God.

We are told that Mendelssohn spent his last days laboring over a new oratorio—"Christ." It was commenced during his stay in Italy, and while rambling among the mountains of Switzerland he is said to dave been inspired with the theme for his work, which he hoped to make his best. Never was wealth used more wisely and religiously than his. Not only did he clothe the naked and feed the hungry, but every one who came near him with aspirations for an ennobling life he advanced. He undertook a tremendous amount of labor in giving concerts in Leipzig, the proceeds of which were devoted to the statue of Bach. At first he undertook to erect such a monument out of his own means, "saying that it was only right that John Sebastian Bach, who had labored so usefully and with such distinguished honor as cantor at the Thomas school at Leipzig. should have a monument in the streets of the city in which he had lived. as an immortal spirit of harmony." At these concerts he allowed only Bach's music to be produced, intending in this way, he said, to make the rising generations of musicians more familiar with the works of one to whom he felt under the greatest weight of obligation, and whom he is said to have resembled in the severity of his studies as well as the loftiness of his aims. But this is the expression of Mendelssohn's best friends: adverse criticism has much to say, and while his motives were pure and his compositions genu-

ine and vivacious, yet in sublime combinations and serious themes Bach and Beethoven can alone be compared.

Every winter in Berlin the oratorios of "Elijah" and "St. Paul" are given in the Sing-Academie. This old music hall is a place of memorial scenes, the directorship of which Mendelssohn once applied for, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, and was refused. The enthusiastic audiences which now assembles there to hear his music seem to be as forgetful of this as they are ignorant of the little secluded grave-yard in the outskirts of the city where his immense throng of friends and admirers left him twenty years ago.

In beautiful imitation of his noble efforts for Bach's monument an appropriation of the money secured by the rendering of his great oratorios should be used to his own memory, an idea which occurs to the mind of strangers in Berlin. but unfortunately not to the citizens.

Only two years ago the Berliners raised a monument to Goethe, and Alexander and Wilhelm von Humboldt have just been recognized in this way. "Tegel," the grand old home of Alexander, is seldom seen by visitors, that is to say, it is not frequented by the traveler as Potsdam and Charlottenburg. An interesting place, and an interesting master it had, "who had trod many lands, known many deeds, probed many hearts, beginning with his own, and was far in readiness for God." His grave is just beyond the house, at the end of an avenue. His home has been inherited by a niece, and is kept up in all the elegance of former years, The grounds are very handsome, so densely covered in places with magnificent old trees along avenues stretching beyond the house and grave. These forest trees are very rare in this low sandy region. After driving for miles through barren land wtth only occasional forests of stiff pines, to come suddenly upon trees which somewhat resemble our American oak, bestows a happy home-like feeling to the American who has wandered from primeval forests.

The house at "Tegel" is built in the most rigid style, relieved on

the outside by niches filled with good pieces of statuary. Within every room is painfully neat—the formality with which the furniture is placed shows evidence that the owner had no children. It is an attempt at an Italian Villa, but seems too cold and formal for such a climate as Berlin. There is certainly taste displayed and cultivation evinced in the selection of many things. The library is filled with books, principally works of Humboldt and Voltaire. On the tables are large portfolios containing maps and cartoons. The desk with the pen and inkstand remain just as he left them. Indeed, there is only a suggestion here and there, that the niece is living and owning the place—so still and so orderly are the rooms, and so undisturbed hang the red apples by the house — and the house seems as silent as the stately avenue of oaks that leads to the grave. Humboldt left a handsome fortune to this niece, for he lived and died a bachelor.

He owned many valuable pieces of statuary. The original of Thorwaldsen's Venus was purchased by Humboldt with much price, it is said, and placed in his collection with other rare pieces found at various places in his travels. Among other curious possessions a mutilated old fountain from Pompeii stands in the hall. The floors are tiles, as one generally finds in Germany, and the salle which contains the finest statuary suggests Goethe's line's in "Mignon."

"Und Marmor Bilder stehen and sehen mich an."

What is there in the make up of literary men which prompts them so often to isolate themselves in some far off country place? The explanation which is generally given is, that their time being so precious they can not be interrupted; their ideas will not grow and flourish in the midst of the talkative world. Emerson tells of the literary man who declared "the solitary river was not solitary enough; the sun and moon put him out. When he bought a house the first thing he did was to plant trees. He could not enough conceal himself." 'Tis worse, and tragic, Emerson goes on to remark, that no man is fit for society who has fine traits. "At a distance he is

admired, but bring him hand to hand, he is a cripple." "But people are to be taken in small doses." "Solitude is impracticable and society fatal." If more authors and literary people would live as Goethe. as Macaulay, as Madame de Stael, as the recent German novelist, Berthold Auerbach, in the midst of their friends or foes as they may chance to be, hearing the arguments for and against them, would it not be better. Goethe wanted to hear all that could be said of him, that he might the more cleverly understand what he was, what he was writing for, and where his lessons were to be honored.

Berthold Auerbach was in hearty sympathy with all about him, seeing his friends once a week through special invitation, as well as whenever they called, and observing his birthdays with a childlike interest. One day, we found him at home seated by a table which was covered with flowers, fruits, and presents of various kinds. We at once knew that it was his birthday, and expressed a regret that we had not come in with an offering. "Oh, that does not matter. so you bring yourselves; the presents are only from those who did not come; they can not take the place of the absent ones, but they signify love! and love is what we live for!" Franz Liszt is another German who, although so old. and one would think exhausted from the voice of praise and adoration, retains an intense longing for his friends and society, and they for him. When he reaches Weimar in the summer, after his winter in Pesth, every one knows or feels his presence. The Berliners even rejoice that he is the nearer to them. We are glad that Longfellow and Buchanan Read and Healy, and a host of Americans have felt his magic friendship, and watched "his Saturn fingers so full of knots." His Sixth Rhapsodie is sufficiently great to have given him a world-wide reputation. Wagner, Liszt, Auerbach, Knaus and many other artists, musicians and writers of Germany, show that it is possible to live for one's friends. while living also for fame. But, alas! in America, reputation and success are coupled with such secluded habits and such insatiable work that the personal influence of our

literary and scientific men is lost in a large measure. The wife of one of our distinguished poets, in speaking of the state of society in New York City, said there had not been held for years what one could call a literary coterie; that Bryant during his lifetime could have held a *salon* but for the fact that personally he was too cold and indifferent to devote his liesure hours to the light and easy-going talk of the hour. She went on to say that had *one lamented one lived*, he with his warm and generous nature, his wide and untiring interest in others, he could have been the center, the heart and soul of such a circle.—*Reprinted from The Chautauquan, Meadville, Pa., by courtesy of Theodore L. Flood, editor and publisher.*

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